

# **SUPPLEMENT** **The Great Bend Democrat** **GREAT BEND, KANSAS**

## **ONE I KNEW.**

He never tried to preach or set you right;  
 He thought all others better far than he;  
 And so he showed by life, instead of words,  
 The wondrous beauty of humility.  
 He did not worry to reform the world.  
 He knew God's ways, though slow, were always sure;  
 He only struggled to reform himself  
 By steadfastness and patience to endure.  
 He would not prate about the want of love,  
 Nor yet the lack of faith, in human mind;  
 He never spoke about these things at all,  
 Only he never failed in being kind.  
 One single passion held his heart in sway:  
 An earnest craving for the pure and true;  
 And though at times God's face felt far away,  
 His earth-dimmed eyes so deeply yearned to view—  
 Still, in the dark as in the light, he smiled;  
 He said the sun was shining all the time!  
 And, for the things he could not understand,  
 He hoped and trusted in a Love sublime.  
 —A. M. Orpen, in Chamber's Journal.

## **THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES**

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics  
 By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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### **CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.**

A thorough search revealed none. They then proceeded to make a careful study of the map, but it threw no light on their position on the broad surface of the globe. All that the map showed was the contour of the bay, the course of the brook to the reservoir, and a little to the west of it, also the location of the bungalow and the small island in the bay. There was no scale, and the waters to the east were designated by no name.

"For all that this map shows we may be on the moon," said Mr. Kent. "All that we know is that we are alive and well, and somewhere in the tropics. We may be east or west or north or south of Cuba. For all I know we may be off South America."

"Well, we can consider this later," said Mr. Morton. "Let's get down to business. It would not be right for good Americans to do anything without an organization, and I move that Mr. John M. Rockwell be made chairman, and that Mr. Sidney Hammond act as secretary. All in favor of the motion say 'aye!'"

There was a chorus of "ayes," in which Mr. Rockwell joined with a laugh.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rockwell, "I have presided at many meetings, and with varied success, but this is



MAP OF "SOCIAL ISLAND," (or Mestoria.)

the most interesting and perhaps the most important in my experience. I will make a formal speech when we are out of the woods, or more properly perhaps, out of the ocean. What is the pleasure of the meeting?"

"In my opinion, Mr. President," said Mr. Morton, "our first duty is to change the name of the island. Its present name is distasteful to me. I move you sir, that in view of the character of the men who now inhabit it, that we call it 'Social Island.'"

The motion was carried unanimously amid applause in which a flock of parrots and cockatoos joined.

"Now, Mr. President," continued Mr. Morton, "it occurs to me that there are three divisions of work that should engage our attention. The first is our sustenance during the time we are compelled to remain on this island. It can be classed under the broad head of housekeeping. The second is a thorough exploration of the island, and as careful an estimate of our whereabouts as possible. The third is to plan and provide means of escape. I move that the president appoint committees to su-

perwise and be held responsible for the performance of these duties."

The motion being carried, Mr. Rockwell pondered a few moments and said:

"I am of the opinion that all members of the Social Island Colony should serve on the committee on housekeeping. If the work is shared by all, the task will be light, but if it devolves on one or two men it will be mere drudgery. I am going to appoint Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent as general superintendent of the Social Island bungalow, and of all the lands and game preserves thereunto pertaining. He will have full authority to call on the services of any member not employed at the time on other duties, and in case of dispute the president will render a decision. The president will also be subject to Mr. Vincent's authority in the matter of household duties. It will be accepted as unwritten law that each member must keep his own room in order. Mr. Vincent, will you accept this commission?"

"Yes, sir—or Mr. President, rather," said Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent. He was delighted with the title of general superintendent and by the extent of his authority.

"I shall appoint Mr. Hammond chairman of the committee on exploration," said Mr. Rockwell. "He will be assisted by Messrs. Kent and Pence, both of whom are great explorers."

"I don't want to explore," protested Mr. Pence. "I would prefer to go on some other committee."

"The chair will accept no resignations," said Mr. Rockwell, and he hammered on the table with a ruler to indicate that the question was settled. "Mr. Andrus Carnody will be chairman of the committee on escape; Mr. Morton and Mr. Haven will serve with him on that committee. The president volunteers his services on any and all these committees. Is there any other business before the meeting? If not we stand adjourned, subject to call at any time. Adjourned."

"That is the way to do business," said Mr. Morton. "Each man knows his duty and can go about it."

Mr. Vincent walked out into the kitchen and in a few minutes re-



"MAKE HIM GO AWAY," PLEADED MR. PENCE.

turned. He stood in the open door and looked over the gentlemen who were variously engaged.

"Mr. Pence," he called.

Mr. Pence had sunk back in his chair and was examining a book which Sidney left on the table. He lifted his eyes over his steel-rimmed glasses and gazed languidly at Mr. Vincent.

"You can come to the kitchen, Mr. Pence," said Vincent, "and pare the potatoes for luncheon."

"What's that?" exclaimed the astounded millionaire. "Pare potatoes! Me pare potatoes? Absurd!"

There was a general roar of laughter.

"I am on another committee!" exclaimed Mr. Pence, "the committee on exploration."

"You now seem to be on the escape committee!" said Mr. Kent.

"Take him along, Vincent."

Mr. Pence looked at Mr. Rockwell appealingly.

"I have nothing to do with it," Mr. Rockwell said, "unless Mr. Hammond urgently needs and demands your services on the exploration committee. If not, you will have to obey Mr. Vincent. He is general superintendent, and you voted for him and his authority."

Sidney said that he did not need Mr. Pence at present. That gentleman arose, and with a woeful expression followed Vincent to the kitchen. A few minutes later he donned a white apron and entered on his new duty. He proved an adept, and Mr. Kent looked in at a side door and regarded his work with approval.

"He is the best man you could select," said Mr. Kent, addressing the general superintendent, who was critically watching Mr. Simon Pence. "He can cut the thinnest paring you ever saw. The potato will weigh more when he gets through with it than it did when he began. He is a wonder. You ought to see him pare a dividend."

"Make him go 'way," pleaded Mr. Pence.

But Mr. Kent had disappeared. Mr. Vincent went in search of more help. He found Mr. Haven.

"I shall have to ask you to chop some wood," he said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Haven, with surprising alacrity. "Where is the ax? I was a dandy at chopping wood when a boy. How long do you want it?"

In a few minutes the sugar magnate was hard at work, and at the end of three hours he had accumulated a goodly pile of wood and a ravenous appetite.

During the day Vincent went about his duties in a most systematic manner. He took each member of the colony in charge, and showed them the mysteries of the storeroom and kitchen, and the exact location of all foods and cooking utensils.

After dinner Mr. Rockwell was detailed to wash dishes and Mr. Kent to wipe them. It was worth a journey around the world to watch the great capitalist scrape a frying pan or a kettle, and to see the deftness with which the famous speculator handled a towel on the knives and forks. He was giving a pan a finishing touch when it dropped to the floor with a crash.

"Tin plate seems to be going down," observed Mr. Haven, who was watching Mr. Kent with much interest.

"Yes," drawled Mr. Kent, "what do you suppose sugar is doing in New York while you are away? I'll bet it is not going up."

It began to rain during the forenoon, and Sidney was compelled to postpone an expedition he had planned, in which he proposed to follow the brook to its source, which he calculated would be the highest point of land on the island.

### **CHAPTER XVI. AN EXPLORATION.**

Thursday was a perfect day after the storm. The air was fresh and cool from the ocean. Sidney was up at an early hour and took his observation of the time of the sunrise. It was Mr. Kent's turn to get breakfast, and he did himself credit. In the meantime Sidney had been preparing for the exploration of the island. He looked over the stock of guns and selected a rifle and a shot gun. He found these weapons in fairly good order, but oiled and cleaned them carefully, and tested both several times.

It was about eight o'clock when Sidney and Mr. Kent disappeared in the thicket through which the brook took its course. Mr. Pence had been detailed to explore the north shore of the lake, and from the expression of his face he did not relish the task.

He refused to take a gun, and armed with a heavy club set out on what he regarded a most dangerous expedition. It was low tide, and the beach was clear of water to the frowning rocks which formed the gateway to "Morton's Bay."

For the first quarter of an hour Sidney and Mr. Kent found it fairly easy to follow the course of the brook. A trail had been cut along the winding bank the preceding year, but such is the virility of tropical vegetation that already it was well-nigh closed. On both sides was a jungle so dense as to be impenetrable.

At the end of an hour's hard work they came to a cleared space and found where the dam had been built across a gorge between two rocks. The dam was about 12 feet in height. Above was the reservoir; a lake covering perhaps 20 acres of ground, from which the timber had been denuded. The character of the forest around this artificial lake was far different from that through which they had passed. It was more open. Instead of the jungle of chaparral, Spanish bayonets, and other forms of thorny plants, brush and tree, the plateau on which they now stood was a noble tropical forest—a veritable park with glades, rocks, picturesque ravines and gentle hills.

"This is more like it," said Sidney as they took a seat on a rock beneath the spreading branches of a magnolia tree. "If the rest of the island is like this our task is an easy and pleasant one."

Their view was one to entrance a poet. They were at the edge of a glade covering about 40 acres. Here and there a rock showed above the waving grass and flowers, but otherwise the vista was unbroken.

"This is a superb spot," said Sidney. "Did you ever see such flowers and trees? How tame the products of conservatories seem compared with nature's work! There is a bunch of roses which would be worth \$100 in New York. What kind of a tree is that?" Sidney pointed to a medium-sized tree about 15 feet in height, with broad spreading leaves.

"Why, it's a banana tree," he exclaimed in great delight. "And what is more, it is loaded with bananas."

A huge bunch of yellow and yellow-black bananas hung from the point where the broad leaves spread like a stalk of celery. Sidney took out his knife and cut several from the bunch.

"You are sure these are bananas, are you?" asked Mr. Kent. "Don't poison yourself."

"They certainly are," said Sidney, "and they are delicious. These are the first ripe bananas I have ever tasted. The stuff we get in New York is no more like this than potatoes are like pears. They pick them green, months before they are ripe, and ship them north to ripen in basements or in tenement houses. Did you ever taste anything so delicious?"

"They are fine," said Mr. Kent. "Cut some more."

They found scores of banana trees with bunches of fruit in various stages of development. They knew that life can be supported for an indefinite period from the banana tree alone, and while they had no intention of remaining on the island, the thought was a comforting one.

They returned to the brook and followed it in a northwesterly direction. For some time they had heard the sound of falling water, and soon circled a ledge of rock and had a full view of a beautiful cascade. The brook leaped 80 feet; not from the top of a precipice, but from a point fully 40 feet below the top. It came welling from a cavern and fell unbroken into a pool below. There could be no mistake as to this. On the crest of the rocks there were trailing vines and ivy directly above

the tunnel from which poured the waterfall.

"There is the end of our brook," said Sidney as he studied the view before him. "I remember now that underground rivers and brooks are common in these southern latitudes. There are lots of them in Mexico and especially in Yucatan. I wonder if I can scale those rocks?"

"I know that I cannot," said Mr. Kent as he sat down on a boulder. "Go ahead and I will stay here and watch you."

It was a hard climb, but Sidney made it. He stood at last directly over the waterfall. Without stopping to admire the view spread out before him, he plunged into the forest which sloped upward. It grew thicker as he advanced. Suddenly he came to a solid mass of trees and brush, woven into a thicket so dense that no animal larger than a rabbit could penetrate it for a yard. Sidney walked along the edge of this jungle for half a mile or more, but his search for an opening was stopped by the fact that the vegetable barrier finally extended to the edge of the cliff. The explorer then selected a tall logwood tree, and after a hard struggle "shinned" up to the lower branches and climbed nearly to the top. From this elevation he had a fair view of this part of the jungle, but could only guess at its extent. He found that it continued unbroken to the top of a hill fully a mile away, and beyond he made out the outlines of other and higher hills, probably four or five miles away.

Sidney Hammond was not unfamiliar with such jungles, having encountered them in the mountains of New Mexico, but those northern thickets were not to be compared to the tropical mass which now confronted him. He sat in the branches of the tree for some time. Suddenly he realized it was hot, and at the same moment the sound of two shots came from the valley. He was fearful that his companion was in danger. Mr. Kent had selected the shotgun, hoping to shoot grouse or quail. These birds had been seen in abundance, but it had been decided to bag none until the time came to start for camp. In a few minutes Sidney was at the bottom of the cliff. Mr. Kent was not to be seen. Sidney ran to where he had left the millionaire speculator. He then yelled at the top of his voice.

An answering call came from a ravine to the left. Sidney ran in that direction. Mr. Kent was standing under a tree, with the shotgun half raised. He was looking intently at a jagged pile of rocks a short distance away. At his feet was a dead deer.

"Hurry up!" said Mr. Kent as Sidney approached. "Do you see that fellow on that rock over there? See him?"

[To Be Continued.]

### **WHO EXECUTED CHARLES I?**

The Name of Richard Brandon Is Most Widely Connected With the Deed.

In the burial register of Whitechapel, under the year 1649, is the following entry, says Harper's Magazine: "June 21st, Richard Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane. This Brandon is held to be the man who beheaded Charles the First."

A less distinguished candidate for the infamy was one William Howlett, actually condemned to death after the restoration for a part he never played, and only saved from the gallows by the urgent efforts of a few citizens who swore that Brandon did the deed. Brandon was not available for retribution. He had died in his bed six months after Charles was beheaded and had been hurried ignominiously into his grave in Whitechapel church yard. As public executioner of London, he could hardly escape his destiny; but it is said that remorse and horror shortened his days. In his supposed "confession," a tract widely circulated at the time, he claims that he was "fetched out of bed by a troop of horse," and carried against his will to the scaffold. Also that he was paid £30, all in half-crowns, for the work, and had "an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkerchief out of the king's pocket." The orange he sold for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane.

### **Cut Both Ways.**

"I want my hair cut, and no talk," said a 16-stone man, with an I-own-the-earth air, as he walked into a Swindon barber's shop and sat down. "The—" commenced the man in the apron.

"No talk, I tell you!" shouted the heavy man. "Just a plain hair cut. I've read all the papers, and don't want any news. Start right away, now."

The man in the apron obeyed. When he had finished, the man who knew everything rose from the chair and surveyed himself in the glass.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "It's really true, then? You barbers can't do your work properly unless you talk."

"I don't know," said the man in the apron quietly. "You must ask the barber. He'll be in presently. I'm the glazier from next door."—London Answers.

### **The Modern Equivalent.**

Blueblood—Have you any armor in your hall?  
 Newrich—No; but I have three football suits.—Puck.

### **Willing to Carry.**

"Five pounds for a bonnet! Madam, it is a crime!"  
 "Well, the crime will be on my own head."—Glasgow Evening Times.



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Judging from the letters she is receiving from so many young girls Mrs. Pinkham believes that our girls are often pushed altogether too near the limit of their endurance nowadays in our public schools and seminaries. Nothing is allowed to interfere with studies, the girl must be pushed to the front and graduated with honor; often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the lost vitality,—often it is never recovered.

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